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One month	25	50	75	100
Two months	45	90	135	180
Three months	65	130	195	260
Six months	100	200	300	400
One year	180	360	540	720

COUNTY DIRECTORY.
Circuit Court.—Hon. R. Apperson, Jr., Judge
Y. B. Young, Com. Atty.
J. M. Crawford, Clerk.
County Court.—Hon. M. M. Cassidy, Judge.
J. D. Reid, County Attorney.
J. R. Garrett, Clerk.
W. B. Tipton, Sheriff.
C. G. Ragan, Deputy.
T. H. Probert, Jailor.
E. E. Garrett, Judge.
John Wood, Marshal.
Thos. Metcalfe, Pros. Atty.

BUSINESS CARDS.
HARRIS & WYNN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office on Main Street, Mount Sterling, Ky.
Jan. 8-17
J. M. BENT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
WILL practice in Montgomery, Bath and the adjoining counties. REFERENCE—General Wm. L. Jackson, formerly Judge of the 19th Judicial Circuit of Va., and now resident Attorney, Louisville, Kentucky.
OFFICE—Up stairs, entrance one door below Reese's Jewelry Store.
Jan. 9-17

E. A. SEASER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business connected with his office.
Office North side Public Square.
Jan. 9-17

REID & REID,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Will attend promptly to all business connected with their care. Special attention will be given to the collection of all Claims against the United States Government.
Jan. 9-17

W. E. BOLT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
WILL practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, Wolfe, Morgan, Magoffin counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 9-17

TURNER & CORNELISON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
MOUNT STERLING, KY.
Will practice in Montgomery, Bath, Powell, and Clarke counties, and in the Court of Appeals.
Jan. 8-17

DR. DRAKE,
Office and residence over Wyatt's Grocery, where they may always be found except when absent on professional business.
Special attention given to chronic sickness.
Jan. 30-3m

T. H. RIGGEN,
RESIDENT DENTIST.
MT. STERLING, KY.
Office over Maupin's Shoe Store.
Main Street.
March 6.

DR. JAMES THORNEY,
Practicing Physician.
MT. STERLING, KY.
TENDERS his professional services to the people of Mt. Sterling and vicinity.
Office and Residence on Main Street opposite the Presbyterian Church.
Apr. 9-4mo

DR. HANNAH GUERIN,
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office opposite National Hotel, Mt. Sterling.
Where one of them may always be found, day and night unless professionally absent.
Jan. 9-6m

ROBERT MOORE,
Portrait, Animal, and Landscape Painter.
Portraits of stock, and horses, painted on reasonable terms. Photographic Portraits enlarged to any size up to life, on paper or canvass painted in oil colors.
STUDIO—Over Taliaferro & Co's store, Winchester, Ky.
mar. 24-3m

STUART, BEN. TAYLOR, JAS. STUART,
Commission Merchants,
AND DEALERS IN
Grain and Country Produce Generally,
COAL, SALT, LUMBER, ETC.
Yard and Warehouse, near Freight Depot.
Jan. 23-17

G. C. KNEFFIN,
—DEALER IN—
Cooking Ranges, Stoves, Grates,
Iron and Marble Mantels,
Tin-Ware, Pumps, Wooden-Ware,
AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, &c.,
MAIN STREET, (Hinton's Block), PARIS, KY.
Jan. 23-17

KENTUCKY HOTEL
Cor. Main & Maysville Sts.,
MT. STERLING, KY.

MRS. MARY CARTER, Press.
THIS House has recently been thoroughly refurnished, and is now in complete order for the reception of guests.
The proprietress, anxious for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to her house, begs leave to assure all who may extend to her their patronage, that no efforts will be spared on the part of her or her assistants, to render them the utmost satisfaction. Her

TABLE
Is at all times supplied with the best of the market affords. The

SALOON
Is under the management of Mr. J. W. DUN
and is supplied with the choicest foreign and Domestic Liquors, Fine Cigars, Tobacco, &c.
Jan. 8.

JOB WORK
NEATLY EXECUTED
AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE.

THE KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

VOLUME I.

MOUNT STERLING, KY., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1868.

NUMBER 20.

Select Poetry.

ALICE GREENE.

BY FRANCIS C. LONG.

The little had fanned the lake to sleep,
And died upon its tranquil breast;
The birds within the forest deep
Had sung themselves to rest.
A traveller, footsore and alone,
Came down the eve-empurpled dell;
When vesper bells, with merry tone,
Rang over moss and fell.

He bore the semblance and the air
Of one who dwelt in foreign clime;
The threads of silver in his hair
Showed more of care than time.
He paused a moment on his way
To rest, for very tired was he,
Just where a stream, half foam, half spray,
Ran laughing to the sea.

The stranger sighed: "Ah, well-a-day,
How like the past the present seems!
A thousand times I've passed this way,
"Rapt in my boyish dreams."
The mill the same, the pond, the lot,
The same the bridge, the fields of maize,
As when I roamed with Alice Greene
In younger, brighter days.

"A budding flower then life appeared
Which promised sweet and rare perfume,
But, ah! the germ was crushed and scared,
And doomed to never bloom.
My fate has verified the truth
Of age sung by bard and sage:
The life which blooms not in its youth
Will bear no fruit in age!"

"My father's cot lay o'er yon knoll,
And her's was just beneath the hill;
On summer night we used to stroll
By yonder silent mill.
I loved her fondly, tho' a boy,
A simple, untaught, rustic booby;
But dared not cherish hope of joy;
I was so wretched poor."

"Day after day, in stony field,
I wrought amid the hay and grain,
And sought by nature's scanty yield
A livelihood to gain.
A backward spring, an early frost,
It seemed, was ever at my door;
What summer gained we winter lost,
And left me just as poor!"

"Thus, year by year sped on the time,
And I resolved to leave the scene;
And seek for love in other clime,
To share with Alice Greene,
From words of mine she never knew
That my poor heart was all her own;
But I read in her eye of blue
That her's was mine alone."

"There are times when a world of woes
Lives in a single moment's space,
Th' exquisite throbs, the mortal throes,
The sense can scarcely trace.
We parted—sad was that farewell,
Too sad, indeed, for words to speak;
Her pale face 'gainst my shoulder fell
And tears glistened on her cheek."

"One hand lay gently on my sleeve,
The other with my own did twine;
Her face, which never could deceive,
Was downward cast from mine.
A sigh, a sob, alternate broke,
Soft as the wailing wind-harp's moan;
Our lips grew closer as we spoke,
They met—and I was gone!"

He bowed his head upon his hand,
Overwhelmed with sorrow he appeared;
His tears 'gan damp the thirsty sand,
And glisten in his beard.
"Ah, me," he groaned, "I have no ties,
Nor home, nor kith, nor kin is mine;
And Alice Greene," he wiped his eyes,
"Was married ten years since."

"Love has more power than code or creed,
This said; but it can scarcely be—
But I'll not blame her for the deed,
Why should she wait for me?
I've found men, like the viper's brood,
To change their skins with each new year;
And what is there in womanhood
Should make them more sincere?"

"Could I a moment see her face,
A moment meet her tender eye,
I could forego life's weary race,
And in contentment die!
He rose: "I'll visit yonder cot
Which stands beside the ancient mill;
I'm very tired, and, like as not,
The miller lives there still."

The dam of gaffer Greene's old mill
Alone awoke the slumberous scene;
His sluice was shut, the resting wheel
Shone in the moon's pale sheen,
He stood at the well-known place,
He tapped the latticed door, I ween;
It swung ajar, and face to face
He stood with Alice Greene!

What need to wake the tenebrous string,
To tell of love's triumph and bliss?
What need the oft-told tale to sing
Of woman's faithfulness?
He'd been deceived; she'd never wed,
Tho' score on score of waters came;
Tho' village gossips deemed him dead,
Her love remained the same.

She still remained transcendent fair,
Still graceful was her form and mien,
Though in her silken nut-brown hair,
The silver could be seen.
He loved her just as fond and well,
He felt the same deep passion glow
As when her hair in clusters fell
Around her neck of snow.

His love had softer, purer grown;
The lapse of fleeting time
Had lent it depth it had not known
In manhood's early prime.
The village maids at Christmas time
Shall dance with joy from morn till e'en,
And bridal bells shall gayly chime
For faithful Alice Greene!

Miscellaneous.

SUT LOVINGOOD'S YARNS.

Old Burns's Bull-Ride.

Well, now, George, while 'ya am wait-
in fur yer chain kerriers, I'll tell you how
ole Burns finish'd that onspeakeable Bull-
ride, an' how I won my race agin' all his
sons; thar houns, an' the neighborhood
guirally. Well, arter he got outen the
line, they struck a piece o' timber lan',
an' thar he los' his basket. Then he be-
tuck hisself to onwadin rope o'fen the bull's
ho's, an' wrapp'd hit round his han.

Now es hit happens, Squire Mills hes a
bull to a mous'rous fin, cross ole cuss,
what hes the Frog Mountain fur his surkit
this year. He jis' goes whar he durm'd
please, an' thinks he is the bes' man in the
range. He happen'd to be browin about
in this piece o' woods, an' hearin ole Sock
a bellerin, tuck hit fur a challenge; so he
raked up sum dirt with his huff an' sprinkl'd
hit over his back; then he dug sum outen
a bank wif his ho's, an' smelt o' hit; then
he tuck a twis or two into his tail, an' hist-
ed hit, an' felt hisself then ready fur activ
saryce.

Ole Sock an' his rider cum in site a tar-
in, an' they smelt each tither. Both wer
dead game an' mad, so a big fit wer mor-
rally durn'd certin. Es soon es ole Burns
seed tuther bull, he understood adzackly
what wer a cumin, an' when; so he leant
hisself back outen the rope pow'ful, till he
pulld the stirrup loops tight outen his feet,
an' haul'd ole Sock's nose an' lip way up
atween his eyes by the ring, sorter like
bustin a rawhide outen a rat wif a ho'n
hook. His face look'd like hit wer skin'd,
ur dead beef's head on a live bull's
body. He wer the worst lookin cow brute
in the face, 'n ever seed, an' hit made his
bellerin soun like he hed the rattles. But
in spite o' all this, he steamed strait
ahead fur the enemy. He didn't keer a
durn fur anything, since his intercourse
wif the bees, an' his mistification in the bas-
ket.

Ole Burns cummenced snatchin brush
trun the trees, first one side an' then tuther,
es he pass'd, an' then warin o' em out over
the inside o' ole Sock's listid lip, squar
down atwix his ho's. Es fars es he wer
on out, he wud snatch fur more; he's jis
the bes' man fur usin baskets ur brush in
an emergency I ever seed. How he'd
thrive in a bad 'skeeter country! They'd
never git in suckin distance o' him. But
hit wer all hard thrashin wasted. The
bellerin-mersheans associated; an' they sot
thar heads together like two drunk loco-
motives wud. When they hit, down cum
thar tails, but they histed em agin in a mo-
ment, an' a shakin em at the pints, like
they wanted to git the dust outen the har.

The shock tetch ole Burns outen the dog-
wood sash'd an' outen the naik; but he craw-
fish'd back durn'd quick an' never stop't his
thrashin o' em over thar heads an' eyes
fur one moment. The nex time they
histed, they cum by guess wif thar eyes
shot, fur fear o' that perpetual-motion
brush. Hit jis rain'd brush, well mix'd wif
sum orful oil-ban cussin.

The Mills bull's a mity smart critter in
be only a cow, bees, an' he preshated adzack-
ly ole Burns's power wif a hanful o' em
brush. So while ole Sock wer a gwine
thru a gran charge blind, he tuck a circum-
bendibus roun an' gin Marcy's game
on ole Fass an' Feathers—a bustin hot fire
in the rar. He jis cum in atween his bine
laigs, an' buried his head an' ho's thar
under a full run, a histin Sock's sturn
two foot clear o' the yeath, an' rite then down
cum his tail wif a swish, an' he wer tuck
along wheel-barrow fashion, outen his fore
laigs, pow'ful agin his will an' comfort, wif
the smellin' and o' his head draw'd high-
er nor ever toards his curl, the brush-mer-
shean in full blast, an' gittin faster an' har-
der, an' ole Burns a snatchin o' em more—
The bellerin an' cussin wer mix'd now an'
onten es ekal es a keeful man mixes whis-
ky an' wartar, an' the mixtry made a mos
doleful soun. It yond a hearn hit at half
a mile, 'n wud a know'd thar wer a heap
o' hurin an' rath a gwine on whar hit
cum frum.

Ole Sock wer hurrid on in this onnat-
erel an' onmanly manner o' a fell pine
tree, an' thar ole Mills stop't, I souse to see
the effect o' his new plan o' em fitein, an'
thar he did a durn'd fool thing; fur if he
hed a kept thar an' head o' his in close
communion wif ole Sock's hide, he wud
been boun to spoke the word afore long.
But es hit wer, hit gin him time to turn
roun wif cumulated rath, the natrel bull
fitein way.

Ole Mills hed a holeseum fear o' the
steam brush-mill, what Sock toled on his
upper deck. So he cum it bline agin, an'
the nex time they met they miss'd, an' the
ho'n run under ole Burns's laig, an' atwix
the rope girth an' ole Sock's hide. He gin
a twis an' busted the girth, swung thar
misfortin ole man an' the saddl' roun an'
then lent on a big hist. Up they went,

saddl' fust, an' hit hung outen the snag lim
o' a ded pine, jis high enuf to let ole
Burns's houns sorter tetch groun. Thar he
hung by the heels.

He sot in now an' cussed in rale yearns.
He mix'd in a littil prayin wif hit now an'
then, fur thar wer a streak o' skeer in
his mad, es he foun hisself hung hog-fash-
in, an' a par o' bulls a fitein roun him.
His voice wer changed so 'n wudent a
know'd im by hit; hit soun'd like he wer
down in a well, ur hed a locus in his throat.
He bemoand his condishun pow'ful, cuss'd
Sicily awhile as the fas cause, an' Clap-
shaw as the secon cause; an' then went way
back twenty-five years an' cuss'd hisself fur
ever marryin at all, as thar wer the begin-
nin o' hit; talk'd dredful to hear bout
shot-guns, hickory clubs, an' the devil's
brimstone-works, a mensounin my name
often in these las remarks.

I tell yu hit wer tremenjously orful to
listen to, cumin frum a man o' famierly
an' property, hung up by the heels whar
two dredful ole bulls wer at war. Wun
got a runnin go outen tuther, an' backed in
agin the old man pow'ful fas; they push'd
him es fars es the rope let em, an' t' make
hit wus, he, a durn'd ole fool, grabb'd a
death holt outen the tail, an' hilt on as long
as he cud stan bit fur his ankils. At las
he let go, an' away he swung—tick, tick,
like a durn'd ole clock, whar wer behine
time, an' wer a tryin to ketch up agin; an'
him a snatchin at the weeds, an' grass, a
fetcin hanful every swing—the prayin
an' cussin never slackin off fur anything. I
tell yu he hes los't o' em san in his gizzard;
he is the bes pluck I ever seed.

Well thar they fit, roun an' roun, tarin
up the yeath an' roots, an' bull meat; he
a watchin es well es he cud wif his head
down. Torreckly they cum agin frum
ahine, slather agin the ole feller, an' ker-
rid im furrid this time, an' not clock-fash-
in, sideways. Jis es soon es the sturn o' the
Mills bull tetch im, he went fur tail
holt agin, an' yu golly, he hilt hit this time
onten his shoes cum off, an' he fell smack
atop o' Mills, fac'd to the tail. He tuck
hisself good han holt outen each o' the
flanks, an' locked his laigs roun the critter's
naik. Oh! durn im! he is jis es redy an'
quick es a cat; his rangemients wer made
to stay thar all nite, an' fur fear o' ac-
cidents he tuck a good bill holt on the
tail wif his teeth.

Ole Mills now didnt begin to understan
what wer atop o' im; hit wer sumthin
sartin what hed bef claws an' teeth, an—
painter, flash'd outen his mine wif all the
force the bill holt outen his tail cud give
hit. Dredful, dredful tho! His pluck
wilted, an' he jis turn'd tail to the battil
groun an' went aimin fur North Caliney,
ole Sock a trottin arter im, sorter keelless
like.

Now the ticklin inten his flanks, the chokin
roun his naik, an' the steel trap sprung
outen his tail, did discomfort im pow'ful.
He jis mizzild. Every few jumps, he'd
giv a hurried hurin sort beller, an' kick
fur heels es he es cud; but ole Burns
wer thar, still thar. Yu golly, he wer
grow'd thar. He struck the river at a
pint whar the bluff wer sixty feet high
abov' watter thut foot deep. Durn'd
ever he tho't even o' measurin hit, but jis
loped over head down, an' o' em course the
ole man wer gwine tail down. Jis es soon
es he seed the watter under im, quick es a
cat gin, he sot in to climbin the tail, over-
handid; but hit warn't any use, George, fur
they bof went outen site, jis bustin the
river plum open. The las part gwine un-
der wer one o' ole Burns's houns a hounin
roun fur more tail to clim.

Thinks I, great Jemimy! wif they never
cum up? Arter a long time up popp'd
the ole man, already a headin fur this
shore, an' away yander, the bull ris ho's
fas, an' he aim'd fur tuther bank. They
bof crawl'd out, lay down in the san an'
eyed each other across the river. If either
o' em ho'nd up a mossel o' dirt I did-
ent see em do hit; but jis took hit out
in restin, watchin each tither, an' vengeful
thots. Thar man an' thar bull wer mortel
inemics fur life.

His sons foun ole Burns, an' haul'd im
home ont a sled, kivered wif straw an' a
bed-quilt. Mills's bull sought hisself an-
tither suckin, an' becums morril es a draft-
ster. Ole Sock becums more depraved,
an' run wile in the mountains, an' I jis
about es I wer, the durn'd fool in the
mess.

I jis hearn frum ole Burns yesterday.—
He am pow'ful bad off; made his will, a
cuttin off ole Sock wif a shillin, leavin
Sicily an' me his maladickshuns, (what
am they any how?) an' fifty dallurs in trus
in ole Bullen's houns fur the compasment
o' my death. To ole Clapshaw, he's lef
fifteen feet o' new hemp rope, an' to his
wife an' ole Misses Clapshaw, a dollar tu
wif asnick.

Then thinkin the bissness o' ole this
world dun, he jis went plum crazy—crazy
es a bed-bug in July; talks nuffin but non-
sense; sez the house is upside down; hears
bees a humin o' nites, an' sees hole droves
o' bulls a fitein all way; an' that I is a
staidin atop o' the bucan, wif a basket
o' bees, a flingin hanfuls at his hed every
time he looks tuther way—jis turn'd dam
fool, thar's all.

All the ole quilts o' em wimen, an' the
ole soggy men roun thar visits im. The
wimen fans im, fixes the bed close, an'
biles yarbs fur im; an' the men, files his
bruses, an' peltusis his bddy. Ole Missis
Burns is mad his a ho'net bout thar asnick
claws in his will, an' won't cum a nigh
him; sez she hes plenty o' swellins o' her
own to swage, an' haime time to waste
on no durn'd ole ongrateful murderin fool.
An' strange to to, George, she sticks to
me; sez I am the bes o' the lot; sez, too,
that I haf one half es durn'd a fool es ole
Burns, an' ten times more o' a Christum
than Clapshaw. Wonder o' hit kin he
possabl that eman is right? One thing
am sartin, she am my frien.

Well, the vardick o' the neighborhood
wer, that I wer the cause o' all the hole
thing. Greater injustice wer never dun;
fur all that I did in the world wer jist to
help ole Sock git a few grains o' shat-
ter'd co'n, wif fifteen the bassel o' his ho's;
an' when I did hit, the fuss warn't begun a
tall. Arterwards, I did nuffin but stan clar
o' em danger, an' watch things happen—
When they tuck the vote on hu wer the
cause, every durn'd one o' em vot'd 'Sut',
'scept Sicily an' her mam. Sicily vot'd
'bull an' bees'; her mam vot'd 'Clapshaw'.

Well, they all got together, headed by
Burns's two big fox-huntin sons, an' tuck
my case in han'. The fust thing I know'd,
they wer outen my trail, hosses, houns,
ho's, muskits, shot-guns, cur dogs, an'
all. Now my superline rumm'n begun.

Arter a long time, I seed frum a high
pint that one o' the houns, down the
mountin below me, wer a great way ahead
o' em everything else, an' wud soon cum up
wif the slack o' my britches, so I wated
fur im; when he bulged fur my throat, I
reached fur him, flung im down, slit a hole
in each ear, an' run his hine laigs thro
over the hook, gin im sum comfortin
advise wif a keen hickory, an' laid im down
outen my trail—he did look pow'ful sorry
fur what he had dun—an' then I went th'
travelin agin. When the balunee o' the
dorgs cum up, (human like) they all pitch-
ed outen the poor helpless devil, an' when
the two-laiged dorgs cum up, he wer a pas
prayin fur, at leas had a mile: I beat em
so bad, my trail got too cold to foller.
Thar's what I calls rumm'n. I feels, tho,
George, like my time mos cum. Fifty
dallurs am a heap o' money, an' the mos
o' the wimen am agin me; thar's the
dangers part o' hit.

I se a gon'er I speck, an' I jis don't keer
a durn. I no count, no how. Jis look
at me! Did yu ever see sich a sampl o' em
a human afore? I feels like I'd be glad
to be dead, only I se fear o' the dyni.
I don't keer fur hereafter, fur his onyin
bill fur me to hev ara soul. Who ever
seed a soul in jis sich a rack heap o' em
bones an' rags es this? I's nuffin but sum
new-fangild sort o' em bees, a sorter cross
atween a crazy ole monkey an' a durn'd
wer-out hominy-milk. I is one o' em dad's
explotes at makin cuss'd foll' invenshuns,
an' cum afore my time. I blames him fur
all o' hit, allers a tryin to be king fool.
He hes a heap to count fur, George—a
heap.

BEAUTIFUL—When the summer day of
youth is slowly wasting away into the
nightfall of age, and the shadows of the
past year grow deeper and deeper as life
wears to a close, it is pleasant to look back
through the vistas of time upon the joys
and sorrows of early years. If we have a
home to shelter, or hearts to rejoice with
us, and friends have been gathering round
our fireside, then the rough places of our
wayfaring will be worn and smoothed
away in the twilight of life, while the
bright sunny spots we have passed through
will grow brighter and more beautiful—
Happy, indeed, are those whose intercourse
with the world has not changed the course
of their holier feeling, or broken those
musical chords of the heart whose vibra-
tions are so melodious, so tender and so
touching in the evening of age.

HANDS OFF.—A good story is told by
a New Orleans paper, of an individual
who presented himself to the chief of po-
lice, with a loud complaint of certain boys
in the habit of throwing stones into his
house. One, he said, had only last even-
ing struck his daughter on the breast—
"Was the young lady badly hurt?" in-
quired the chief. "No, not badly hurt her-
self," replied the complainant, "but the
stone broke three fingers off the hand of a
young gentleman who is paying her espe-
cial attention!"

Where we Are Drifting.

The New York Herald very briefly re-
marks that all nations in the midst of re-
volution, as we are now, become reckless
to a great extent, and the leading revolu-
tionists are permitted to carry out the
most extraordinary measures regardless
of the future. That which under ordinary
circumstances and in settled times would
shock the public mind and invoke the
stoutest resistance is submitted to with
apathy or indifference. Factions rule and
not the people however vile or outrageous
such measures may be. It has been so in
time of revolution in all countries, and it
is so with us now. The Committee of
Public Safety in France was the type of
the Radical Congressional junta at Wash-
ington. Robespierre, Marat, Conthon,
and Danton were the prototypes of Bout-
well, Butler, Thad. Stevens, Logan and
the rest. History is repeated in all such
times. If the deeds of our Jacobins should
not be as bloody as those of the French
Jacobins, it will be because the spirit of
the age is different; but as far as the gov-
ernment is concerned and the despotism of
faction goes the revolution going on is as
thorough and uncontrollable.

In the course of four or five years a debt
of three thousand millions has been ac-
cumulated and an amount of taxation im-
posed greater than that of any other coun-
try in the present or any former age. A
people who have experienced such vast
changes and have become familiar with
financial operations and currency issues
amounting to thousands of millions will
not be startled by inflation to the amount
of a few hundred millions more. Both
the people and the faction in power, then,
will look only to the present necessity or
apparent good and will be disposed to let
the future take care of itself. Everything
points to inflation, particularly the neces-
sity of the Radical party to bridge over its
infamous legislation and growing unpopu-
larity. We have no doubt that this party
will soon flood the country with paper
money for the purpose of creating a tem-
porary prosperity and to blind the people;
but it will be an inflation of national bank
currency and not of legal tenders. The
banks are a mighty power and the Radicals
will find a powerful ally in them. The
political oligarchy at Washington and the
banks combined will be able to carry all
before them and do whatever they please.
We shall have Republican government in
name only, and the suffrages of the people
will be as much under the control of the
cabal of politicians at Washington as the
suffrages of the French are under the im-
perial government at Paris.

How General Jackson Kept Sunday.

General Jackson went down to New
Orleans upon an occasion, and met, of
course, with an enthusiastic reception from
his old friends and comrades in arms.—
The latter appointed a committee to make
arrangements for a visit to the "battle
ground," about seven miles below the
city. Without consulting the General,
or thinking particularly about the day of
the week, they appointed Sunday as the
time for the visit. The day came, clear
and beautiful. After breakfast they noti-
fied him that every thing was in readiness
for the contemplated visit to the scene of
his conflict, his triumph, his glory. He
informed the gentlemen who had notified
him, and in a very quiet way, that, as it
was Sunday, he wished to spend church
instead of visiting the battle ground that
day. As all the arrangements had been
made for that day, everything ready, they
concluded to wait upon the General in a
body and tell him of the circumstances,
and hint that it would look strange and
odd, if not Puritanic, for him to refuse
compliance with their wishes. This was
done. The General listened to what they
had to say, and then, turning his keen
black eyes upon them, which sparkled
again with a little of their old fire, he re-
plied, with quiet dignity: "Gentlemen,
this is Sunday, and I have already infor-
med you that I am going to church." The
committee subsided, rather pleased than
otherwise with the response of the
hero. "What fools we were," some one
said, as the committee retired, "to try to
change the determination of Old Hickory
after he had once made up his mind."

The New York Sun (Radical) fears
that the Radical party is coming to grief,
in consequence of the feeling in favor of
the payment of the five-twenty bonds in
legal tender notes—which feeling, it says,
is gaining great strength in the West, and
rapidly permeating the ranks of the Re-
publican or Radical party. It thinks that
Mr. Pendleton, the champion of the legal
tender payment, will be a formidable can-
didate if nominated.

A young man who was about
jumping from a train while in motion,
was deterred by a reporter, who asked for
his name, age, business, and residence for
an obituary item.

STIPULATIONS WITH ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements ordered for less than one
month will be charged fifty cents per square for
each insertion after the first. Special notices
15 cents a line for the first insertion, and 10
cents a line for each subsequent insertion.
Marriages and deaths inserted gratuitously.
Obituary notices ten cents per line.
The privileges extended to annual advertisers
will be strictly confined to their own business,
and advertisements occupying more space than
contracted for, or advertisements foreign to the
legitimate business of the contracting parties,
will be charged for extra, at our published
rates.

The Oldest

KENTUCKY SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY
WILLIAM T. HANLY,
AT \$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

MOUNT STERLING, KY.
THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1868.

FOR GOVERNOR,
JOHN W. STEVENSON.
FOR APPELLATE JUDGE,
BELVARD J. PETERS.
FOR CIRCUIT COURT JUDGE,
JOHN M. ELLIOTT.
FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK,
JOHN R. P. TUCKER.

The Negro as an Element of Power.

The bill for the admission of Arkansas under the new Constitution has passed the lower Branch of Congress. This Constitution disfranchises nearly all of the whites, and gives the State over to the rule of the blacks. Though declared to be republican in form, it takes away from the State its highest and dearest rights. The bill was passed under the operation of the gag law and with little discussion. The opponents of it were not allowed to demonstrate its injustice and to drag to light the infamous frauds by which it was imposed upon an unresisting and defenseless people. The States of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana and indeed all the Southern States, will be received with Constitutions equally odious and oppressive. The old scheme of reconstruction is now adopted.

The sole purpose of bringing in the States by Congressional enactment, is to confer political power upon the negro and to count the vote of the States where he is supreme in the next electoral college. That the Radical policy is to make the negroes a permanent element of political power is now apparent. They have been advancing step by step. First civil equality was demanded and given their wards, now political equality is asked, and the next step will be unconditional social equality. It is becoming a grave matter as to the duty of the Democratic party on the question of negro supremacy. The States West and North are largely interested in its solution. The Radicals are to secure their hold on power by having the negro electoral vote of the South cast for their candidate at the Presidential election in November next. The South is powerless to oppose this enormity. The broad issue is shall the African be allowed to rule the Saxon? Shall a President elected by negroes be allowed to take his seat? Shall the wishes of the white men be disregarded and their liberties stripped from them by a plan which recognizes permanent supremacy in the barbarians of the South?—Something must be done and that speedily. We see a suggestion made, and think it a good one, that the National Convention which meets in New York on 4th July, take grounds that the Democratic party of the nation will not allow the electoral vote to be counted in those States where the negroes hold the reins of government and control the States; that they will resist by force the inauguration of any President not elected by the votes of white men.

The time for decision has come. The people demand bold and firm action. If we hold our peace until these States are all admitted with their negro constitutions and raise no voice against the impending outrage foreshadowed clearly by our opponents, the calamity will be upon us before we are aware of it and find us unprepared. Let the Democracy plant itself on the side of the white man.

Impachment.

On Saturday last, the Senate voted on the eleventh article of Impachment and the result was the acquittal of the President. The vote stood, yeas 35, nays 19. The seven Republicans who voted with the Democrats were, Grimes, Fessenden, Fowler, Henderson, Trumbull, Ross and Van Winkle. These men who dared to do right under the strongest party pressure, deserve to be and will be held in lasting remembrance. The confident and overbearing Radicals are in great distress. The eleventh article was regarded as the strongest of the whole list, and conviction on this was held to be certain. They, therefore, agreed to take a vote on this before the Chicago Convention should meet. The alarm in the ranks was so great that no vote was taken on the other articles and an adjournment to the 26th inst. was moved and carried.

We are still of opinion that in some way the President will be removed. If his conviction cannot be secured by the present Senate, the Senators from the reconstructed States will be admitted and though they have heard no evidence and know nothing about the case, will be allowed to vote. And should every device and shameless expedient fail, there will be prepared new articles of impeachment. Already a movement has been made in the House looking to the framing of new articles. While we would rejoice over the President's acquittal we cannot think it possible. The Impachers are but cringing for another spring. Baffled at one point they will fly to another. Defeated and in confusion for a little while, they

will muster their cohorts, recruit their ranks and rush again to the assault. They cannot afford to let Johnson go free. Upon his removal they have staked their political existence and if failure is allowed, their party goes into confusion and disorganization. As the old Roman cried out continually that Carthage must be destroyed, so the burden of the Radical cry is the President must be removed, and every energy will be bent to that end.

Federal Prisoners.

The present Congress have spared no effort to foment ill-will and keep alive hostility between North and South. On no occasion have they been willing to do an act of justice and magnanimity to the unfortunate people not now allowed to be heard in the national councils. The treatment of Federal soldiers by the Confederate authorities has been a fertile theme for Radical comment for several years. Newspapers have written and illustrated with pictures of skeletons and legislators have declaimed about the inhumanity and cruelty of the keepers of Southern prisons. Clerical curs have yelped in the demagogue chorus of slander, falsehood and calumny. The South has published her justification and the world believes it. Shortly after the close of the war, the Federal Commissioner of exchange gave a true history of the reasons why Federal soldiers were allowed to languish and perish in Andersonville and other prisons. No denial was published of his statement. Both Federal and Confederate accounts establish the fact incontestably that the South proposed repeatedly to exchange man for man, and their offer was rejected because such exchange would recruit the rebel armies. Men were so plenty in the North that, in the estimation of Stanton and Grant, the starvation and death of a few thousand was a matter of small consequence. It is also an indisputable fact that when the South found herself unable to supply the necessities of her prisoners and to rescue them from the perils of inevitable suffering and want, she then, through her accredited agents, offered to surrender the prisoners on the condition that the United States government would simply furnish transportation for the diseased, disabled and starving veterans whom the fortunes of war had thrown into confinement, and this proposal was rejected for the reason that it would do the Federal armies no good, but would impoverish and cripple the South by the consumption of her scanty resources. The armies and people of the South were in want of food and necessities. Such as they had, was cheerfully shared with their captives. Their vindication from brutality and cruelty is complete. They have had their trial at the bar of public opinion, and on the uncontradicted evidence of Federal officers of the highest distinction have been discharged from all blame. Since this decision the people have been demanding that the responsibility be fixed. They want to know why their soldiers were left to starvation and lingering death. Every effort to secure an investigation has failed. A measure looking to this was voted down a few days since in Congress by the decisive vote of nearly two to one, and why? Because when an inquiry is made and the whole subject sifted to the bottom, it will expose the infamy where it belongs. It will damage fortified Secretaries of War and Radical aspirants for President. It will throw the odium and disgrace and barbarity where it properly belongs. It will exculpate the Confederate government and implicate men high in authority.

The Radicals disregarding every consideration but party success, may dodge and postpone the investigation, but it will be made. In their strength they may table resolutions of inquiry, but the time is coming when the history of the exchange of prisoners of war between the two belligerents will be written out in full on the public records of the nation, and when the fiendish barbarity of commanders of Federal armies will be exposed.

Stevens, the personification of Malice, Hate and Revenge; Butler, the renegade and thief; Logan, who sold his principles for office; Cameron, branded as a thief and liar; Bingham, charged by a brother Radical with the murder of an innocent woman; Forney, the defaulter; Yeates, a drunken debauchee; Sprague, the repudiator of a just debt due a workman; Sumner, whose brutal suspicions drove his wife from his house—such are the men who lead the Radical party, and control the legislation of the country. Is it to be wondered at that corruption abounds—that hatred is kept alive between the North and South—that recklessness in the use of the public money characterizes the legislation at Washington—that the people are borne down by oppressive taxation—that the rich are becoming richer and the poor poorer—in short, that everything is going to the devil at railroad speed?

RESIGNATION OF FORNEY.—The notorious Jno. W. Forney has tendered his resignation as Secretary of the Senate, to take effect upon the election of his successor. His letter to this effect was placed in the hands of Senator Wade Tuesday night. The principal reason for this course is, as he privately asserts to his friends, that he may not be retained in official position from commenting on the course of the Republican Senators who do not sustain the conviction of the President.

The Last Survivor.

The "Last Revolutionary hero" seems to possess the power of indefinite multiplication. Scarcely a month elapses that we are not regaled with a dolorous obituary of departed greatness. At one time he dies full of years and honors, in one of the thriving villages of New England, at another, in one of the hamlets of the gigantic West, he is gathered to his fathers amid the tears and lamentations of his sorrow-stricken family. We mourn the fallen hero. We grieve that the last link that binds us to the glorious memories of our early struggles is broken. We travel in imagination to his humble grave and do homage with our best feelings to so much patriotism and virtue. But hardly is the tide of woe checked, before another survivor (and he is always the last one) appears on the scene, springing like the fabled phoenix from the ashes of his predecessor. A few months ago and we were informed, apparently upon credible authority, that seven patriots only of the heroic band survived. Since that time we have had at least a score of the veterans buried. Like Falstaff's men in buckram, they grow in numbers marvelously, and whenever Congressional proceedings grow stale and politics dull, we are served with another dead patriot. As near as we can judge, he is killed monthly and passes to the sepulchre of his fathers.

We have become quite familiar with our "revolutionary hero." We know all of his prominent characteristics. His history is "familiar in our mouths as household words." He is generally born in the good old State of Virginia and goes into the army towards the close of the war, but invariably in time to participate in the surrender of Yorktown. We have seen no chronicle of the demise of a revolutionary patriot whose young life was not illuminated by the splendor of the Yorktown victory. No wonder Cornwallis gave up. The dead hero is always over one hundred years of age, commonly he leaves the stage of action at the ripe period of one hundred and ten. He is frequently represented as having been especially noticed for gallant and meritorious conduct by General Washington. When the war closes, he goes quietly back to his New England home or more frequently strikes out for the Western wilderness. He combats the wilderness and the perils of border life with the same resolution that stirred his young soul against the "Red-coats" prosperity gladdens his household; abundance crowns his board; the savage wilderness blossoms as the rose; numberless descendants pass around his hearth-stone, and Providence bears him up over all the ills of life. He serves as Justice of the Peace for half a century, and once or twice condescends to take a seat in the Legislature. He is always robust, hale and hearty, a great walker and fond of out-door labor. No healthier set of men ever lived than the patriots. They enjoy a rare exemption from the common ills of humanity. They are impervious to disease. An accident, a broken leg or arm, or hip, generally hastens their dissolution, and with eye undimmed and natural force unabated, they fall gently and calmly asleep in the arms of death.

Logan, the rival of Butler in the role of bully, closed his late tirade against the President with a poetical burst of enthusiasm in which the nation is pictured as rising from a "baptism of blood and fire, under the approving smiles of Heaven," all of which is supposed to be very cheering to the "patriot's heart"—said heart being under the circumstances supposedly represented by Logan. Such, says the New Orleans Times, is the twaddle that now passes in Congress for eloquence. Old worn-out metaphors, stolen from school boy exercises, and revarnished to meet such exigencies, of government as the one now existent at Washington.—Shades of Patrick Henry, Webster and Calhoun, has it come to this? Why not a flag was presented to any soldier company North or South during the late war, but the simpering donor told them it would be "baptized in blood and fire." No ambitious youth from the Aroostook to the Rio Grande has ever made an apostrophe to the eagle, the Constitution, or the American banner, but he exploded on its baptism in blood and fire. No nation or cause was ever toasted at a picayune public dinner, but the enthusiastic feeders sought release from their bashfulness in that same baptism of blood and fire. And this is eloquence!—this is Logan! If the "approving smiles of heaven" are only to be counted in that sanguinary style, we fear Logan's heart will "go out" into the next world without ever having done anything to merit them.

The committee appointed at the Hancock meeting in New York, the other day, have seen Ex-Governor Seymour, and they report that he is not, and will not be, under any circumstances, a candidate for the Presidency, and that he accepted an election as delegate to the Convention expressly to prevent the introduction of his name as a candidate. It is hoped by those engaged in the movement that Hancock's name can be got on the ticket for the second office, if they should fail in procuring his nomination for President.

Ex-President James Buchanan is lying very ill at Lancaster. His complaint is said to be pleuro-pneumonia. He is not expected to recover.

[Communicated.]
Thos. M. Green for Congress.
As the election for members of the next Congress is to be held in November, it is high time we were designating some suitable Democratic candidate. So far as we have heard an expression from the people of Montgomery, it is very decided for Thomas M. Green, Esq., of Maysville, and he would undoubtedly receive the voice of our county in Convention. The ability with which he conducted the last canvass and his signal services to the cause of Democracy won for him a high place in the popular affections. He is a writer of great power and a speaker of singularly rare gifts. No man is more conversant than he with the current politics of the day, and no man has a profounder love for our system of government and a deeper hostility to the usurpations of the Radicals. His devotion to the restoration of all the States on terms of unconditional equality cannot be gainsayed. We learn from reliable sources that Hon. Samuel McKee will be the Radical candidate, and we think Mr. Green the proper man to meet him on the stump. His exhortations of McKee are well remembered over the whole District. When we express a preference for Mr. Green, we are influenced by no personal motives. He is almost a stranger to us nor do we underrate the claims and abilities of any other aspirant. We have been unrepresented in Congress long enough. Let us send a man to Washington who can take his seat. Mr. Green is the man. His eminent qualifications and his zeal in the cause of Democracy and his effective service in the defeat of McKee, demand a recognition at our hands.
EX-CONFEDERATE.

Card from Hon John W. Kendall.
WEST LIBERTY, Ky., May 14th, 1868.

To the voters of this (the 13th) Judicial District, and the various aspirants in said district for Commonwealth's Attorney: The late Democratic Convention which assembled in Mt. Sterling, on the 9th inst. having failed to make a nomination of a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney, and such failure to nominate threatens to bring about confusion and disorganization in the ranks of the Democratic party of this District, and there being various aspirants before said Convention, and myself and Robert Riddell, Esq., being the contending candidates before said Convention, and I having received on each ballot the highest number of votes, as the proceedings of the Convention will show. Ever having the interest of the great Democratic party at heart and in view, I now propose, for the sake of harmony, to the various Democratic aspirants for nomination as candidates for said office to yield my candidacy and leave the track open and alone to Robert Riddell, who was the only remaining candidate before said Convention against me,—in the event that all the other Democratic aspirants for said office will do likewise, and leave Mr. Riddell as the Democratic candidate for said office. It is true that I will be proud of the nomination for the said office, but believing as I do that the public interest and the success of my party are considerations of a higher character than private interests, I therefore make this proposition alone for the purpose of restoring harmony in our ranks.

Grateful for the partial kindness toward me in the late Convention, I remain yours truly,
JOHN W. KENDALL.

The bill reported in the House of Representatives by Thad Stevens to admit the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama, under the reconstruction law imposes the condition that those States shall first have ratified the amendment to the United States Constitution known as article 14, and the further condition that their respective constitutions shall never be so amended or changed as to abolish or modify or in any way interfere with negro suffrage.

UNCONSCIOUS SATIRE.—A prominent and certainly very insolent Republican at Chicago after the opinion of Senator Trumbull on impeachment, telegraphed him that "Yates drunk was a better Republican than Trumbull sober." Quite true—but what a commentary on Republicanism.

The motion to admit John H. Surratt to bail was argued Wednesday in the Washington Criminal Court, before Chief Justice Carter. Mr. Merrick appeared for the prisoner, and A. G. Riddle opposed the motion on the part of the Government. Judge Carter decided that the case was not one in which the court would be justified in admitting the prisoner to bail.

Gen. Buchanan has suspended collection of taxes for 1865 and 1866, on Louisiana lands overflooded last year, until the first of January, 1869, upon recommendation of Gov. Baker, on account of the distress these collections the present year would cause in the overflooded districts.

Commissioner Wells is collecting statistics on whisky, which, thus far, go to show that the annual produce does not exceed fifty million gallons. It has been determined to compel prompt payment on whisky already in bond, so as to empty class warehouses, with a view to closing them as soon as possible.

The Florida election passed off without disorder. Partial returns received by General Meade indicate the ratification by about 3,000 majority, and the election of Reed, the Republican candidate, for Governor.

Nicholas county has voted to subscribe to the Maysville and Paris railroad.

IMPUDENCE IN PUBLIC LIFE.—A Pittsburgh paper, having occasion to refer to General James S. Brisbin, an original abolitionist and a universal fanatic, was recently tempted to speak of him as an impudent upstart, whereupon the General acknowledges and gloats upon the soft impeachment in this wise: "I have always tried to be impudent. I like impudent men. They are generally independent and honest. It is your modest, quiet, easygoing, soft mannered men who are sneaks and betray their party and friends. Ben. Butler is the type of American men I like. I always thrust myself forward too. I intend to get all I can, and if I can show myself as high as the Presidency I will do it. My mother told me I ought to do so, and I have always been in the habit of following her advice."

New Advertisements.

Louisville White Lime,
FOR WHITEWASHING.
At A. VORIS.

Pure Apple Vinegar,
WARRANTED.
[m21.] A. VORIS.

Farm for Sale.

On Wednesday, 17th day of June, I will sell to the highest bidder at public auction, my

Montgomery Farm,
Lying on the waters of Hickok Creek, about six miles from Mt. Sterling, and about the same distance from Sharpsburg, about 2 1-2 miles east of the Maysville pike, containing about

114 ACRES of No. 1 LAND

In a good state of cultivation. The Farm is nearly all well set in

Blue-Grass, Timothy & Clover.
Is well watered and timbered. Buildings on the same nearly new, and situated convenient to school houses and churches. A very desirable farm and comfortable home. Terms made known on day of sale.
L. D. Wilson, Auctioneer.
May 21-4d.

WARNING.
ALL persons are hereby warned not to hunt, ride through or otherwise trespass on our lands lying in Montgomery county, as the law will be rigidly enforced against all persons so offending.
W. M. WADE,
May 21-4w.

ELECTION.
THERE will be an election held at the office of J. R. Gattret, on the FIRST MONDAY IN JUNE for the election of a Marshal and five Trustees for the town of Mount Sterling for the ensuing year.
By order of the Board of Trustees.
THOS. HOFFMAN, Clerk.

20,000 Pounds Wool
Wanted by C. J. GLOVER.
April 23-4f.

Warning to Trespassers.
I HEREBY warn all persons not to hunt on my place, as the law will be enforced against all such so offending. I have been annoyed so much of late, that I am compelled to adopt this course to protect myself.
April 30-4w. A. FESLER.

TURKPIKE ELECTION.
THERE will be an election held at the County Clerk's office in Owensville, on SATURDAY, MAY 23RD, 1868, for a President and five Directors for the Owensville and Mount Sterling Turnpike road.
CHAS. GOODPASTER, Pres.
May 14-2w.

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I HEREBY warn all persons not to hunt on my place, as the law will be enforced against all such so offending. I have been annoyed so much of late, that I am compelled to adopt this course to protect myself.
April 30-4w. A. FESLER.

TURKPIKE ELECTION.
THERE will be an election held at the County Clerk's office in Owensville, on SATURDAY, MAY 23RD, 1868, for a President and five Directors for the Owensville and Mount Sterling Turnpike road.
CHAS. GOODPASTER, Pres.
May 14-2w.

Warning to Trespassers.
I HEREBY warn all persons not to hunt on my place, as the law will be enforced against all such so offending. I have been annoyed so much of late, that I am compelled to adopt this course to protect myself.
April 30-4w. A. FESLER.

New Advertisements.

**UNITED STATES
INTERNAL REVENUE
TAXES.
Annual List, 1868.**

I WILL attend, in person or by deputy, at the following times and places, for the purpose of collecting Internal Revenue Taxes due the United States on Incomes, Gold Watches, Gold and Silver Plate and Carriages, and for Special Taxes on Trades and Professions, returned to me by the Assessor of the Ninth District of Kentucky on the Annual List, 1868, viz:

Mt. Sterling, Montgomery co., Saturday, May 23d.
Morehead, Rowan co., Saturday, May 23d.
Owingsville, Bath co., Monday, May 25th.
Grayson, Carter co., Monday, May 25th.
Sharpsburg, Bath co., Tuesday, May 26th.
Flemingsburg, Fleming co., Wednesday, May 27th.
Paintsville, Johnson co., Wednesday, May 27th.
Prestonsburg, Floyd co., Thursday and Friday, May 28th and 29th.
Pikeville, Pike co., Friday, May 29th.
Vanceburg, Lewis co., Saturday, May 30th.
Salersville, Magoffin co., Saturday, May 30th.
Greensburg, Greenup co., Monday, June 1st.
West Liberty, Morgan co., Monday, June 1st.
Stanton, Powell co., Tuesday, June 2d.
Gatletsburg, Boyd co., Wednesday, June 3d.
Louisa, Lawrence co., Friday, June 5th.
If Taxes are not paid on the above Annual List on or before the dates above mentioned, penalties and costs accrue over which the Collector has no control, and will in every instance be imposed and collected.
Back Taxes due on Monthly Lists heretofore received must all be closed up and settled at those times without fail.
F. C. BARNES,
Collector 9th Dist. of Ky.

Collector's Office,
Mt. Sterling, Ky., May 11, 1868.

**SADDLERY AND HARNESS
MANUFACTORY!**

THE undersigned returns his thanks to the public for their liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and would respectfully invite attention to the large stock of SADDLERY & HARNESS, now on hand, which he is offering very low.
A first class article of

Single and Double Harness,
Plain Buggy and Carriage Harness,
Wagon Harness, Cart Harness,
Best Kip Collars,
Mule and Horse Collars,
Backband and Bellybands,
Blind Bridles, (assorted)
Riding Bridles, Martingales,
Buggy Whips, Fly Nets,
Fancy Saddle Blankets,
Graduated Felt Saddle Blankets,
Horse Covers (assorted)
Warranted Wrought Bits,
He also manufactures on an improved plan the well known

SPRING PAD SADDLE,
Best Hog Skin Shafter Saddles, Killdeer and Spanish Saddles,
Best MORGAN SADDLE
All kinds of Boys Saddles, Leaping Head Side Saddles, Buck Spring Side Saddle, Misses Side Saddles, and in short an assortment of all kinds of

HARNESS & SADDLES
To suit customers who may favor him with a call.
He is sole agent for the

**DAYTON
PATENT SAFETY BRIDLE BIT,**
Patented August 6, 1867.
This is the best Bit ever invented. It combines the principle of all Patent Check Reins and other Safety Bits in a very simple bit, without any complicated arrangements. By the use of this bit a boy cannot drive any horse at any speed, and pull him up whenever he desires—having a pulley purchase and more advantage than he need employ. Horse men are invited to call and examine it.

REPAIRING done with neatness and Dispatch. Hoofing you will call and examine my stock, I remain, Very Respectfully,
THOMAS CLARK,
May 14. Main-St., Mt. Sterling Ky.

**FARMERS
BUY THE GENUINE
CHAMPION!**

PRONOUNCED BY ALL TO BE THE MOST perfect working, lightest running, convenient and durable

Mowing and Reaping
Machines in use, to which over one hundred Farmers in this and adjoining counties are ready to certify. Send for descriptive circular to C. A. LOVE,
Sole Agent for North Eastern Ky.
May 14-2m. Maysville, Ky.

MILLINERY STORE.
NEW AND FASHIONABLE GOODS.

MRS. J. C. HORTON
HAVING purchased the stock of goods of Mrs. Garrett, would respectfully announce to the ladies of Mount Sterling and Montgomery county that she is now in receipt of a New and Fashionable Stock of

MILLINERY GOODS,
Which have been selected with great care, and with a view to suiting the tastes of the ladies of this section. Her stock consists of

**Bonnets, Hats,
TRIMMINGS, FLOWERS,**
&c., which are of the

Latest & Most Fashionable Styles!
She has also on hand a Large Stock of

**STRAW GOODS, TRIMMED GOODS,
And Pattern Bonnets,
Terms, STRICTLY CASH**

Ladies are invited to give her a call, and are assured that her prices will be as cheap as those of any similar house in this section.

Store on Main Street, opposite the New Christian Church.

Having disposed of my stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods to Mrs. J. C. Horton, I recommend her to my former customers.
May 7. MRS. GARRETT.

New Advertisements.

**Agents Wanted for
The Official History of the War,
Its Causes, Character, Conduct
AND RESULTS.**

By Hon. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.
A Book for all Sections and all Parties.

THE SENTINEL.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1868.

LOCAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

As a matter of considerable interest to our people, we would call their attention to the fact that if their U. S. revenue tax is not paid on or before Saturday, the 23d instant additional cost will be added. Personal notices are not served on persons owing taxes on the annual list, which is now advertised.

Paper Ties at Frank, Gump & Co's. — Old Buggies trimmed and painted by Smith & Thomas.

Linen Suits, at Frank, Gump & Co's. — Buggies, saddles and harness for sale by Smith & Thomas.

A. Voris, at his store under the Sentinel office, has Louisville White Lime and pure Apple Vinegar for sale.

Hoffman & Co. have on hand a supply of number one feed baskets, which they will dispose of at low prices.

White Marseilles Vests, at Frank, Gump & Co's.

The Secretary of State, just elected in South Carolina by the Radicals, is a mulatto.

Religious.—Bishop Pierce will preach in the Methodist Church in this place on Tuesday morning next, 29th inst., at 10 o'clock.

We saw but one drunken man on our streets on Monday last, county court day. The morals of our town seem to be looking up.

Mrs. Bettie Stoner will offer for sale on the 17th prox., her farm containing 114 acres of number one land. See advertisement in another column.

Fresh supply of Clothing, at Frank, Gump & Co's.

The Fair.—All citizens of Bath and Montgomery counties who are in favor of holding a fair the present year are requested to meet at Tenney Hall in this town, on Saturday next, the 23d inst.

Base Ball.—The Enterprise Base Ball Club, composed of boys of this town, has been reorganized, and the first game of the season will be played on next Saturday afternoon.

A. H. Quillin, Esq., of Wolfe, is announced in our paper this week as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney. Mr. Quillin is a genuine Democrat, and, if elected, will make the State a good officer.

Tricot Cassimere Coats, at Frank, Gump & Co's.

At Last.—Perseverance is a great virtue. Gen. Steve, Burbridge, after a long and painful effort has at last got a Federal appointment as special Agent of the Treasury Department!

Look Out for Him!—When you find a man writing his advertisement and sticking it up at the post-office, or in the hotels, or on the street corners, instead of publishing it in his town paper, look out for him—the very act shows he is too close-fisted to deal with to advantage.

The Constitutional.—We have received the first number of a neat paper bearing the above title recently started at New Castle, Henry county, Ky., by W. A. Holland. It is Democratic in politics, and we doubt not will be well sustained—at any rate hope so.

Gods for Men.—This pearl of the monthlies, and the favorite of the so-called "God's last, best gift to man" portion of the community, is on our table. It is a choice number, filled with literary matter of a high order of excellence. The recipes of any one number are alone worth the subscription price. Terms \$3 a year. Address L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

Lisle Thread Gloves, at Frank, Gump & Co's.

Returned.—Our young friend Hoffman returned a few days ago from a trip to Illinois. If Albert had waited until this week for his trip we would have supposed that he had gone to attend the Chicago Convention, but as he went two weeks ago, we cannot imagine what his object was. Perhaps we will find some time next fall or winter.

Monday last was our county court day. Quite a large crowd of people were in town. There was a large quantity of stock on the market, mostly mountain cattle. Prices generally were lower than last court day, owing, probably, to the scarcity of money. Below we append a list of sales made by J. W. Anderson, auctioneer: 10 head 1 year old mountain cattle at \$15 75 per head; 13 head do. at \$12 per head; 15 head 2 year old do. at \$92 per head; 3 heifers, 1 year old, at \$14 75 per head; 1 yoke work cattle at \$80 00; 1 yoke do. at \$110 00; 2 small 2 year old cattle at \$17 50. Other auctioneers were kept busy during the entire day, but failed to hand in their reports.

Highly Entertaining Proceedings of the County Court.

On Monday, the 11th inst., the high court of the county, the watchful guardians of the county's weal, met in high convocation and held solemn deliberation. The ostensible purpose of the "meeting of the Diet" was to consider what plan should be adopted for the building of the new Court House. The advocates for a hewed log edifice for the administration of justice with a large-sized dinner bell in the forks of a locust tree, were defeated in court; and after mature cogitation, it was unanimously resolved to build a Court House after the similitude and fashion of the one burned by the rebels in 1863. The Court House question, however, was soon swallowed up by another matter of engrossing magnitude—a matter whose solution has been perplexing the Judicial brains of the learned justices for some months. Our fellow-citizens are aware that we have the finest and securest jail in North-Eastern Kentucky. It is a monument of the enterprise and liberality of our people. Connected with the jail, in the same building and part of it, is a residence for the jailor. By his proximity to the prisoners; he is enabled to detect any plans they may make for escape, to prevent their escape and to keep a strict watch over them in sickness and health. Since the jail was completed and presented such an imposing appearance, a part of the County Court has advocated that the jailor should pay rent for the dwelling house. It is too fine and costly for him to live in free of rent. The people are too poor to furnish him such a sumptuous and palatial residence. He must move out or have the premises rented to the highest bidder over his head. It would be much better for the prisoners to have the jailor have his home in the lower part of town. The friends of this view have been agitating this question for some time and laboring under the burden of their ponderous arguments. On Monday, the 11th inst., Chief Justice Cassidy being absent, Justice Henry took the Chair, and on motion of Justice Solomon Spratt the question "shall the jailor pay rent for the dwelling house," was put amid profound and breathless silence. The discussions preceding the vote have been lost to the pen of fame. The motion was sustained by the following vote: Affirmative, Justices Solomon Spratt, Nimrod A. Wilkerson, Elijah Coons, James R. Wilson and J. C. Grear, jr. Negative, Paul C. Bedford, H. M. Yates, William Hoffman, and J. Q. Stephens.

As the Court has no power to rent out the public property, we understand the victorious party will apply to the Legislature next winter for a special dispensation of power enabling them to rent out the dwelling house. We humbly suggest that Justice Solomon Spratt be delegated as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Capitol to lobby the grant through the Legislature. We may, therefore, expect that about the 1st January, 1869, the renting will take place. We respectfully submit the following as a suitable form for the advertisement: **Public Renting of Desirable Property!** The undersigned will on 1st January, 1869, rent out at public auction, to the highest bidder, a splendid residence in Mt. Sterling, Ky. This property is under the same roof with the jail and by ascending one pair of steps the occupant and his family can have a good view at the prisoners inside the jail, and be entertained 1 day and night by their cheerful songs. It is a fine place to rear up young boys, as the terror of the law will be constantly before them. The renting will be from year to year, for cash in hand, gold or silver, and no greenbacks taken. For disturbance made by the visits of the jailor, no deduction of rent will be made, nor any deduction, in case the prisoners should destroy the same by fire during the lease. N. B. It is distinctly to be stipulated that if any prisoner shall escape and cut the throat of any member of the occupant's family, the county will not be liable for damages. The said property is rented out because the county of Montgomery is too poor to furnish her jailor with a residence. Done by virtue of legislative act and the order of a majority of the Justices sitting in banc.

Jonett & Bean are agents for the sale of the Buckeye Mower & Reaper in this county. This machine is highly spoken of, and has taken premiums at several of the State Fairs. They have also on hand the Tiffin hay-rake, which is said to be one of the most useful inventions for the use of farmers—one of them doing the work of a dozen good hands.

Continental Paper Collars (Union hole lined) at Frank, Gump & Co's. We never knew an instance of a firm who advertised liberally and conducted their business with care that failed. It has become an axiom that such men or firms are honest, careful, and safe business men, and generally sell goods cheaper than those who run a slow coach and never advertise.

Gen. Gillem reports that in the recent election in Arkansas on the ratification of the Constitution, there were 1,195 more votes cast in one county than were registered. The same thing happened in other counties.

The "Champion" Against the World!

Believing the Champion Mowing Machine to be the best mower, we hereby challenge any and all machines for a contest—the time and place for the trial to be settled by those accepting the challenge and ourselves.

RION & GASS, Paris, HOFFMAN & CO., Mt. Sterling, Agents for the Champion.

At no sale within our hearing within the last twelve months, has stock brought such unprecedented prices as it did on Thursday last, at the late residence of Newton Lane, Dec'd., on the dividing line between this county and Bath.

The old homestead, consisting of 86 acres, was purchased by Wm. Lane (one of the heirs) at \$110,10 per acre. Horses ranged according to age, from \$65 to \$125 per head. Yearling colts even brought \$100. Fourteen common two year old steers \$69,10; small milch cows from \$65 to \$90; one blooded, though not thorough bred, sucking calf, \$56; one 3 year old mule, 15 hands high, \$180. Hogs, 48 per hundred at the lowest calculation. Corn, \$4,15 per barrel.

People complain a great deal about the scarcity of money, but these high prices paid for stock, seemingly contradicts all such complaints. Hack Caywood, in his own peculiar way and style, makes stock bring their full value at all his sales.

The Citation.—Hoffman & Co. are agents in this county for the sale of these celebrated Reaping & Mowing machines. Messrs. Jas. Bean, John A. Thompson, and other farmers of the county have used them and pronounce them the best in use.

Mr. Halpine, in a letter to the New York citizen, says: "Mr. Chase in private makes no concealment of his opinion that, politically, impeachment is the worst blunder of the Radicals; while, legally—to use the expressive vernacular—it has not a leg to stand upon."

The Illinois Radical Convention nominated General J. M. Palmer for Governor, Colonel J. Dougherty for Lieutenant Governor, and John A. Logan for Congressman at large.

The Louisville papers announce the death of Washington Spradling, the well known colored barber of that city, who had accumulated a fortune of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Mount Sterling Markets. Carefully Corrected every week by C. J. Glover Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

Coffee—Fine to Choice Rio	26 7/8
Java	37 1/2
Old Gov't Java	36 1/2
Sugar—New Orleans	15 1/2
Cuba and Porto Rico	14 1/2
Soft White Refined	17 1/2
Hard "	19 1/2
Syrups	\$1 00
Molasses	\$1 00
Mackerel—per bbl.	\$10 00
" 1 bbl.	\$10 12
" Kits	\$2 75
Salt	75c
Rice	14 1/2
Clover seed	\$8 00
Flax "	\$1 75
Timothy "	\$3 25
Ginseng	70
Feathers	\$2 75
Wheat—choice white	\$2 00
Flour—choice Family per bbl.	\$15 50
" superfine	13 00
Wool in grease	25 1/2
Wool washed	37 1/2
Bacon—hog round	15c

SPECIAL NOTICES.

For City Marshal. Having been repeatedly solicited to become a candidate for the office of Marshal of the town of Mount Sterling, I have consented to do so. If elected, I will endeavor to discharge the duties of the office in an impartial manner, and to the best of my ability. J. W. BURROUGHS.

We are authorized to announce John Wood as a candidate for re-election to the office of Town Marshal at the ensuing June election.

AUGUST ELECTION.

For Appellate Judge. We are authorized to announce Hon. BELVAUD J. PETERS as a candidate for re-election to the office of Appellate Judge from the First Appellate District of Kentucky, subject to the decision of a Democratic Convention.

For Circuit Court Judge. We are authorized to announce Hon. JOHN M. ELLORY of Bath, as a candidate for Circuit Court Judge of the 11th Judicial District, at the August election.

For Commonwealth's Attorney. We are authorized to announce A. H. QUILLIN, of Wolfe county, as a candidate for the office of Commonwealth's Attorney of this (the 13th) Judicial District, subject to the action of a Democratic Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOHN E. COOPER, of Morgan, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in the 11th Judicial District, subject to the decision of a Democratic Convention.

We are authorized to announce JOHN W. KENDALL, of Morgan, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney of the 11th Judicial District, subject to the decision of a Democratic Convention.

We are authorized to announce J. F. HODGINS as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney in this Judicial District, subject to a Democratic Convention.

For Sheriff. We are authorized to announce WM. B. TIPPON as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Montgomery county at the ensuing August election.

We are authorized to announce JAMES H. KENNEDY as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Montgomery county, at the ensuing August election, subject to the decision of a Democratic Convention should one be called.

We are authorized to announce JAMES H. TRIMBLE as a candidate for the office of Sheriff at the ensuing August election, subject to a primary election or a Democratic convention.

SPRING AND SUMMER IMPORTATION

NEW GOODS, —AT—

SAMUELS & JORDAN'S

WITH the opening of the season, we are again prepared to offer to our friends and customers a

Very Superior Stock of Goods! From the best markets, and which will be sold at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES! Our Stock of

Ladies' Dress Goods Is unusually fine and attractive. The assortment generally is very complete. Every line of Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS, Gloves, Hosiery, Notions. Embroideries, Laces, Handkerchiefs, &c., The especial attention of the Ladies is called to our stock of the genuine

Alexander Kid Gloves, Which is equal to any in the world.

PLAIN and FANCY SILKS, Of Superb Quality.

LADIES' CUSTOM MADE SHOES, Of the very best Style and Quality.

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES &c., for gentlemen's wear, is very large and complete, and embraces all the

New and Fashionable Styles. We would also say to our gentlemen friends that our stock of

HATS, BOOTS & SHOES, Is very large, and we invite their special attention to this branch of our trade.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO CASH BUYERS. SAMUELS & JORDAN, Main Street, Mt. Sterling.

Grand Opening —OF—

NEW GOODS —AT—

JOHNSON & THOMPSON'S.

MR. THOMPSON, of our firm, has just returned from the Eastern cities, where he bought a complete stock of

DRY GOODS For the Spring and Summer Trade, which are being received daily, and consisting in part of Bleached and Brown Cottons, Dress Goods for Walking Suits, English, French and American Calico, Plain and Fancy Silks, Beautiful Grenadines, Laces and Embroideries, A splendid lot of Black and Colored Alpacaes, A complete line of White Goods, Corsets, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Hosiery.

Our stock of FRENCH, ENGLISH AND AMERICAN CLOTHS & CASSIMERES For Gentlemen's Wear, is very large and complete, and embraces everything new and fashionable.

Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's BOOTS & SHOES, In great variety.

HOOP SKIRTS! New Styles and Very Cheap.

A BEAUTIFUL LOT OF PARASOLS, AND

Magnificent Line of Fans

OUR GOODS ARE

Fresh & Direct from New York, Which we will sell at the

Lowest Prices.

Ladies and gentlemen are requested to call and examine. We know that we can suit purchasers in

PRICE, STYLE & QUALITY. Respectfully, JOHNSON & THOMPSON.

April 23.



HARRAH & DEBARD, DRUGGISTS

SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, Mt. Sterling, Ky.

RESPECTFULLY offer to their friends and the public generally their stock of

DRUGS & MEDICINES! Warranted pure;

Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c. WINDOW GLASS!

LAMPS AND LAMP CHIMNEYS Looking Glasses, French, Apple, Peach & Catawba Brandies, Wines, and Old Bourbon Whiskey, Warranted strictly pure for medicinal purposes

Teas, Fine Virginia Tobacco, Best Imported and Domestic Cigars, Soaps, Lotions, Perfumery and Flavoring Extracts,

NOTIONS! (A very large stock.)

Paint, Whitewash & Bl'king Brushes

A complete stock of

STATIONERY, School and Blank Books,

A good stock of

POCKET CUTLERY, GARDEN SEED,

Warranted Fresh and Genuine. Call and examine for yourselves.

Physicians Prescriptions, accurately and carefully compounded at all hours of the day or night.

Jan. 9. HARRAH & DEBARD.

THE CELEBRATED PREMIUM HORSE, ALBION.

WILL make his present season at my stable, on the turnpike leading from Mount Sterling to Owingsville, 6 miles from the former and 7 from the latter place, and will be permitted to serve mares at \$20 to insure a mare in foal, the money due when the colt comes, or the mare parted with, or \$10 by the season, the money due when the mare is bred. The breeder must make his election before the mare is bred whether he breeds by the insurance or by the season.

ALBION is, without doubt, one of the best breeders of saddle and harness horses in Kentucky. His colts win premiums both as harness and saddle horses, at all the fairs. Many of the finest premiums of last year were won by his colts at Mt. Sterling, Winchester, Paris and Lexington. A TWENTY DOLLAR PREMIUM will be given to the best horse and best mare colt of this year's get.

DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE. ALBION is 16 1-2 hands high, a beautiful brown, and 11 years old; he is a graduate of the different fairs of Kentucky, not only in his own ring, but he has taken several \$50 premiums in the Sweepstake rings; he trotted, out of condition, to a wagon, one mile in 2 minutes and 47 seconds, on the Lexington race track, and can rack as fast as he can trot, the money due when the colt comes, or the mare parted with, or \$10 by the season, the money due when the mare is bred. The breeder must make his election before the mare is bred whether he breeds by the insurance or by the season.

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